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THE STORY TELLER.

(From Neal's Saturday Gazette.)

THE REMAPO PASS.
A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY E. OAKES SMITH.

CONCLUDED.

CHAPTER V.

So come the high and proud to earth
When life's night-gathering tempests howl
Over their glory and their mirth.

GREENVILLE MELEN.

Upon returning to camp, Blanch found the usual routine of military duty unchanged. There were the morning review, the camp fires, the arms stacked for inspection, and the poor garments of the soldiery spread out for washing and airing, together with the ordinary sounds of light festivity, and mirth half bitter and half careless, growing out of the hardships or inaction of the period. Some were prosperous, the others sending their clothing to the neighboring farm-houses for renovation—and groups of these messengers were disposed about, giving to the scene an aspect of cheerful, busy idleness, far from being unpicturesque, as the morning sun lighted the white canvases of the tents, and a stifling breeze swayed them to and fro. Blanch was surprised at this appearance of inaction, having supposed from the remarks of Washington and Hamilton, that the troops were to be immediately on the march.

Reaching the quarters of the Commander-in-Chief, he found all in readiness for his departure, together with another despatch to be delivered at West Point, which he received from the hands of Hamilton.

"I shall sell my life as dearly as possible, you may be sure, Hamilton—but really I should be glad to know upon what pretext I lose it," said Blanch.

Hamilton this time looked grave, "was severe, and his answer was so ambiguous that Blanch felt himself treated after a school-boy fashion, who is expected to obey quite as much because he is subordinate, and to whom it is not worth while to give a reason.

"When you reach Morristown," replied Hamilton, all will be made clear to you."

"Reach Morristown? I shall do that when I am bomb-proof, Colonel, not before. Confound this mystery. I won't stay to be shot like a lame pigeon, be the case what it may; if a stout heart, and good horse can double the ramparts of Remapo unscathed, I shall go through. Farewell!"

He put spurs to his horse and was away as he spoke, but presently wheeling round, he returned to the side of Hamilton.

"My friend I have quarrelled with my mistress and withheld the truth of my mission from my mother—I would have you set me well with these, in case—the young man dashed a tear from his eye as he spoke—and Hamilton replied only by a warm pressure of the hand.

Blanch at first rode on with a speed adapted to the excited state of his own feelings. But as the noble serenity of the Hudson opened before him, and his eyes wandered away where mountain swelled beyond mountain in the distance, a sense of individual nothingness grew upon him, while nature, the great maternal world, loomed into gloomy vastness, a solemn and overwhelming magnitude, crushing and grinding him down like the omnipotence of a fate. Gradually the rein slackened and he moved mechanically on, ward, feeling himself impelled to a certain doom. Blanch was young in years, with a strong and buoyant physique, through which the finer elements played with a readiness of response like that of the wind harp to the passing breeze—and as the melody of water and wild birds found their way to his ear, his mood changed to one of human interest; and then it was that he felt the vigorous pulsations of his own heart, and how strong was life within him; then arose that instinctive love of the latter, which we lose, perhaps, never—or only when the taints and evils of the world have filled us with weariness and disgust, and its hollows have made us long. God forgive us, that we long in impatience of spirit for the true and the eternal.

What wonder, then, that Blanch looked upon the earth beholding a new beauty therein; that his own nature felt anew its capacity for enjoyment, and its terrible counterpart for suffering? What wonder that his nerves recoiled from the trial before him, and he gasped at life as a thing he could not resign; he in the flush of youth and vigor, with hope, and love, and honor before him? Ay! the last—honor—he ground his teeth at the thought—a gorgeous battle, understood only by the few, and graced always with the funeral garments of its victims! Ah! as it seemed to him, now, the word did its spell of power, and carried him beyond the momentary weakness; again he

lost himself in the urgencies of life—again he felt his own subordination to the good of others.

"It must be," he said, "that the few will be sacrificed to the many. The poor fellows who are fighting our battles die, and are forgotten—what does it matter, so long as a fair inheritance is preserved for the many, who shall come after us."

He rode on in silence, as he thought, and now became subject to one of those peculiar operations of the mind, by which it carries on a double process of thinking, one of which is distinct and tangible, and the other a deeper under current, betraying the secret reality of an engrossing subject, the first being the mere mechanical train of thought by which we try to escape from the latter.

"Ay, but to die, to go we know not where; To lie in cold obstruction and to rot— This terrible notion to become A lavished end—and the delighted soul!"

He turned sharply round supposing some one was repeating the passage, and shaded to find himself alone. Again he rode on, thinking as before, & again the startling language came back to his ear, and it was not till his senses had tricked him in this way several times, that he became fully aware that the words proceeded from his own lips.

Startled and ashamed he now fully roused himself. "It must be that I am a contemptible coward—a coward at heart, acting manfully only when upheld by the undefined influence of others but sinking from peril when left to myself. It is but death that I brave—death that must come to all at some time, and what does it matter whether we meet it on the battle-field, in the full companionship of blood and carnage or fall a solitary mark for the destroyer?"

Such were a portion of the many thoughts which stirred in the bosom of the youth as he entered West Point. Here he delayed longer than he had anticipated, so that the day was fast waning when he again found himself on his route. He had not proceeded many miles when he became aware of a horseman somewhat in advance, who kept the road he was travelling, but at such a distance he could not determine the character of the stranger, though convinced he was himself an object of scrutiny. At length reaching a part of the way where the hills presented a narrow defile, open for miles in front, he put spurs to his horse and confronted the rider, who, astride of a miserable, stumbling ruminant, could not compete with the better mounted Blanch.

He was a thin, pale youth, ragged & barefoot, and having no saddle, the marvel was how he contrived to keep his sitting upon the luck of the animal at the pace in which he moved. Indeed it would seem as if both horse and rider were at that precise point of emaciation which established an entire sympathetic between them, the bones of the two mechanically swinging in concert, and the yellow locks of the one tossing just as did the mane of the other, so that at a distance they not unaptly suggested the idea of the waving, shadowy outline of the last of the Centaurs.

"My poor Jamie!" exclaimed Blanch, as he drew near enough to see who it was. To his surprise the boy rode suddenly onward without reply, urging his feet into the sides of the least to increase his speed, as if he would avoid the speaker. Blanch hurried on, and looking into his face, found him in tears. Alas! it is for the beautiful to weep and awaken sympathy in the human breast, and they do so confiding in their power, but the poor, the aged and the ugly, turn aside to screen the anguish of the heart, well knowing that the tenderness of response is not for them. Too truly they awaken but a distressing pity, and we give them silence, commiserating silence, or the condolence of the lips; while the impulsive arm, and the answering tear, or the warm pressure of the hand is withheld.

"My poor Jamie! what do you here, so far from the camp?" said Blanch.

The boy sank his head into his bosom, and the tears showered from his eyes, but he was silent.

CHAPTER VI.

His simple face of clay and of light— Outlets of soul in motion, thought and feeling; His mind, illumined by no conflicting light; His narrow lips, so clear in each revealing; His will autonomous; I to set out the part So plainly gazed on his untutored heart.

James Haven, or Jamie, as he was always called, was one of those poor unfortunate of this world whom we sometimes meet with all of whose faculties are large and active, except those of the reflective character, by which we are brought into clear relation with those about us, and are made capable of those combinations which ensure us understanding, power, and efficiency, and enable us to assert our rights among our fellows.

Poor Jamie had lived a sort of vagrant life, at the earth beholding a new beauty therein; that his own nature felt anew its capacity for enjoyment, and its terrible counterpart for suffering? What wonder that his nerves recoiled from the trial before him, and he gasped at life as a thing he could not resign; he in the flush of youth and vigor, with hope, and love, and honor before him? Ay! the last—honor—he ground his teeth at the thought—a gorgeous battle, understood only by the few, and graced always with the funeral garments of its victims! Ah! as it seemed to him, now, the word did its spell of power, and carried him beyond the momentary weakness; again he

heart, and a word of gentleness, a tone of benevolence, warmed the spirit of the unhappy youth into gratitude and affection to the giver. It was a singular fact that Jamie intuitively attached himself only to the finest and noblest natures. Unlike many in his situation, his passions were of the most amiable kind, no sensuality or grimace belonged to him, and thence he wore an expression of touching melancholy most painful to the beholder.

Jamie had grown up amid the disorders of the time, seeing men suffering and hungry, dying by bloodshed, living in tents, watchful, laborious and insecure, and he naturally thought this the common order of society; that men were created to march and counter-march, and he knew each other down, rank and file. For many years he had followed the movements of the army because of his extreme attachment to the person of Washington, but the gravity and pre-occupation of the great man were oppressive to one so constitutionally reverential, and of late he had devoted himself to Wendell Blanch, whose more youthful impulses gave a relief to the faculties of the poor boy. He was thin and pale, not so much from neglect as the exhausting activity of a mind always perplexed, and always on the alert to do some good to the object of its affection. Being of a harmless, taciturn nature, he was allowed free range of the quarters of the Commander-in-Chief, and there is no doubt in this way secrets of the utmost importance to the country found a lodgment in his brain, without detriment to any one, for his movements were regulated solely by his affections, and these, as we have said, were devoted for the present to Washington and Wendell Blanch.

The latter was now both perplexed and surprised at the manner in which Jamie seemed determined to avoid him, but supposing this arose simply from a wish to be with him, and a fear that he should be sent back, might be the cause of his present emotion, he soothed him by expressions of kindness, and patted his hand upon his shoulder after the manner he would caress a mute favorite in the shape of a horse or a hound. Jamie grew more tranquil, and at last leaning in his horse beside his friend, looked into his face so long and steadily that Blanch felt, a superstitious dread creep over him, as if the story eyes of Fate were fixed upon his face.

"Well Jamie! speak out," he at length said, and knowing that the boy was unable to arrange his thoughts into words while in motion, he also came to a stand.

Jamie twisted himself round upon his horse and replied—

"I want to take the papers down to Remapo." Blanch grew alarmed to find the secret so well known, and gave him an evasive answer. Jamie dismounted by the roadside and gave his title into the hands of Blanch, then seating himself upon the ground he pressed both hands upon his temples, as was his custom when trying to make an unusual mental effort. Blanch, amazed as he was, and impatient of delay, was obliged to place himself beside him, when Jamie suddenly poured out the contents of his brain without pause, lest he should lose the connection of events.

"I was under the table, half asleep, when I heard Washington plan to go to Yorktown, instead of New York, and send you to be robbed and shot at Remapo. I heard the whole, you are to be the papers and be killed, killed, dear Mr. Blanch, and the crows to feed on 'em, and leave poor Jamie without a friend! Oh! oh! oh! Give me the papers, I am going down there to tell them not to fire, or if they do, to kill Jamie and not you."

The whole light now broke upon the mind of Blanch, and he saw at once through the mystery of his mission. He was long arranging the threads of thought, regardless of the tears of the devoted boy, till he was roused by his taking the bribe again from his hands.

"No, no, Jamie, you must go back," he said, "you have had a bad dream, Jamie—you must go back. I am going to Morristown."

The boy looked earnestly at him and shook his head. "Well, I glad of that, I will go too." "No, Jamie, I must go alone. When I come back to Newburg you shall have new clothes and a hat, and live with me. Now go and tell my mother I said she must take good care of poor Jamie."

The boy looked at his ragged habiliments as if the thought of them were an unenviable one, and then laid his hands first upon his head and then upon his heart.

"Oh! Mr. Blanch, it is here and here that I feel pain, and when they kill you, Jamie must die too."

the singleness of affection for one who had fed his yearning soul with the crumbs, as it were, that fell from the table of human sympathy—but who, grateful for the pittance, lavished all his faculties, and courted death itself as a return. He felt humiliated before him, and found himself a sadder, but higher toned man from what he had seen. The frolicsome, beautiful Katrina faded in the mistiness of fancy before his more manly perceptions, and one by one the noble and true-hearted arose in their pure stat- ionic proportions before him—seeming to point upward in their calmness of mind. Then came the fair matronly image of his mother, where every look was affection, every thought an aspiration, and he felt that she, even she, would say "go," on a mission like this, where secrecy and fidelity were so much required, as well as a certain tone and breeding to give a greater reality to the movement. A dull man might perform the office, but the unwelcome point, in the face of a foe, would raise the suspicion of craft, and therefore courage and address were the more requisite. Then, too, he saw the delicacy which had induced Washington to conceal his real intentions from him, that as a gentleman, his integrity might be free from blemish, for, however questioned, he could know nothing beyond what appeared on the face of the despatches which he carried.

CHAPTER VII.

Here through you western arch the moon sinks low— The mist already rings her orb with blood; Methinks I feel the breath of more than mortal air; Knowest thou the hour? LOUISA J. HALL.

The times and the places have changed since period of our story; but there are those still living who point out the various routes of the agents of Washington in going to and from the different encampments of the army. The road is still in preservation which he caused to be constructed for their convenience, four or five miles to the north and west of the valley of the Remapo, which was at that time in possession of the British, whose foraging parties greatly annoyed it distressed the inhabitants of the district. There are those who point out the path of Blanch down the valley, and show point after point which he passed, and how this and that position was under the protection of our own troops, and others were held by our foes. The walls of stone are yet visible where stood the forges sometimes worked by our enemies, and sometimes by ourselves, in this region of iron, as the district changed hands in the chances of war. Still do these mighty engines of power belch forth their smoke and flame from a hundred forges, making the old woods ring with the clanking of the metal as they did more than a hundred years ago.

The battlements of Remapo no longer bristle with artillery, nor resound to the tramp of the sentinel; the weary traveller, as he descends the narrow defile, no longer trembles lest some outrage, justified by the tumult of the times, be perpetrated upon himself; but in place of his ancient solitude, disturbed only by the measured feet of warrior or hunter, and in place of the pomp and circumstance of war, the black and fiery locomotive, like some huge dragon, rushes with burning speed along the highway, and plunges into the gloomy defile, leaving its thick vapors and breathings of flame to mark the path it has trodden. The foot-steps of peace now mark this beautiful and picturesque region, developing wealth and enterprise, sufficient to enable any other nation, but by us, unaccustomed to limitation, regarded only as a natural and every day affair. The Erie Railroad, one of the grandest projects of any country, and the largest in the world when completed, covering a length of more than four hundred miles, now threads the valley of the Remapo, passing under the very battlements once held by our foes.

The stars of a clear summer night looked softly downward as Blanch moved along the valley, and all the air was so still that the sound of his horse's hoofs broke upon the senses with a preternatural loudness at once startling and annoying, hemmed in as he was by the converging hills, which upon either side presented an almost perpendicular wall. From their top and sides the stiff pines shot upward, gloomy and anyclouding their angular outlines affording no relief to an excited fancy. The rapid torrent of the Remapo rushed onward in its compressed bed, and now and then a scorching, started by the unwonted sound of steps at such an hour, flapped his heavy wings and sought a deeper shade. Forcibly did the appropriate imagery of scripture arise to his mind, as thus in solitude and at midnight he moved along this narrow defile: "Yea, though I walk through the thick valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me."

Looking upward he perceived the stars begin to pale in the sky, and now was the time to increase his speed as he neared the ramparts. He put spurs to his horse, and then checked him again, for he caught the echo of hoofs galloping behind him. Already the light gleamed through the termination of the valley, and he heard the stirring sounds of the garrison, vigilant in their early duty. Looking backward, the obscurity prevented him from distinguishing the form of the stranger, whether friend or foe, and he had hardly time to reflect upon either when the horseman dashed by him with a speed

that baffled all pursuit; but as he came into the faint light from the opening valley, Blanch was appalled to behold the square outlines of Jamie Haven tearing down the valley to the post of the enemy.

A terrible suspicion crossed his mind, and he darted forward calling upon him to halt in a loud voice. Jamie paid no heed, if indeed he heard the command—and being mounted upon a fresh and vigorous beast, left his pursuer far in the rear, while the whole valley resounded with the sharp ring of their horses' feet as the two approached the ramparts.

"Should he prove traitorous," thought Blanch, drawing a pistol from his belt—"My God! his treason or his imbecility will be ruinous to the country"—and obeying the terrible impulse, he discharged the weapon; but Jamie was beyond his reach—and now Blanch heard the loud challenge of the sentinel—the roll of the drum followed by the sharp ring of a volley of musketry.

Sick at heart, he dashed onward and arrived in season to find the poor youth surrounded by the enemy, who were lifting him faint and bleeding from the ground. Springing from his horse, Blanch pushed all aside and lifted the head of the poor boy in his own arms.

Jamie looked up, and a loud and ghastly laugh sent the blood in torrents from his wound. "Oh! Mr. Blanch, I got here first—I have saved. Jamie had no friends"—he murmured, filling backwards.

The tears gushed to the eyes of Blanch—"My poor boy! dear Jamie!" he cried. The youth opened his eyes, smiled faintly, and was dead.

There was such entire devotion in the death of Jamie—based upon an affection so single, so divested of all alloy, that Blanch found himself swayed by painful and conflicting emotions. He pitied, and this sense of pity was the more distressing that the nobleness of the act was allied to the highest heroism, and therefore, to pity was to degrade, while at the same time the actor was so imperfect that sympathy for him must of necessity be through the sentiment of human compassion. He held the head of the youth long after the breath was departed, vainly hoping to see him revive; that he might show that affection and gratitude which now converted the lifeless clay before him into that of a martyr. Oh! how did every pang, which the sufferer must have endured in his weary life, rise reproachfully to the eyes of Blanch, as if things which he might have prevented!

Filled with these emotions, he followed, mechanically, the body of the youth into the fort, scarcely conscious that he was himself a prisoner, and only outraged at the rude manner in which his poor garments were searched in quest of what he might be supposed to carry.

When deprived of his own despatches, he saw that his whole mission was accomplished, yet how little had been done by himself to forward the object in view. The simple affection of Jamie had been a shield, both to himself and country.

When the inhabitants of Newburg retired for the night which we have been describing, the tents of the soldiery gleamed in silence, and the whole round of military duty seemed unchanged. The many little offices performed by the lower part of the population were still open. Many of the garments of the troops were in their possession, and nothing gave indication of change. When the morning appeared not a vestige of the camp remained. So silently and so secretly had the work been performed, that all seemed like a spell of enchantment. Where had been the stir and the tumult of armed men, was now an unbroken solitude.

The well known orders of Washington upon this march, so celebrated in our annals, "to avoid the use of powder and depend upon the bayonet," shows how important at the period were silence and celerity of movement. While the army was making its way to the Jerseys, by the back road of which we have spoken, the intercepted Despatches were conveyed with the greatest possible speed to Sir Henry Clinton at New York, and led to movement in accordance with the hopes and intentions of the Commander-in-Chief, that of the withdrawal of the naval force of the British from the Chesapeake to the Harbor of New York.

Subsequently followed the battle of Yorktown, so fatal to Cornwallis and vital to ourselves. It is true that in the siege of that place the disparity of numbers might have served to ensure success to our arms, but the skill of Washington was less displayed in the last fatal blow, which made our course triumphant, than in those preparatory measures, originating in a mind whose severity of detail was only exceeded by the vastness of its comprehension, and the clearness of its foresight. The combined movements of the various departments of the enemy's readiness of our French allies; the happy conjunction of favorable winds and tides; the patriotism and bravery of our devoted men, wonderful as each and all of these were, might still have been ineffective but for the intercepted Messenger of the Remapo Pass.

CONCLUSION.

Now, perchance, Soused by the world's sharp commerce, or impaired By the wild wanderings of his summer way, Lays like a transient relic to be loathed, And yields his name to sweet influences That purity and save. H. H. SEYMOUR.

The interests of nations is decided upon battle plain, with a waste of life and treasure that might seem for the time being to suspend the more gentle and individual emotions of humanity; but we find this is far from being the case, for man with his multitudinous faculties works out his various and stirring personal interests in the midst of the most appalling obstacles. The love-god folds a snail, a locket, a blossom, or billet-doux under the cuirass of the soldier, and he is doubly brave in that some beloved or beautiful being trembles for his destiny. Men learn to take life in detail, and thus no one point comes the all engrossing one, and thus we are useful—content—common place—with here and there a hero, who has the power to spur all things inconsistent with the greatness of a mission. We revel upon the present at the expense of the future—prodigal of to-day, and feeding upon lusts to-morrow.

At the period of which we are treating, there were many in this region, as well as in other parts of the country, who remained inactive, notwithstanding the stress of the times. Some of these were secretly attached to the cause of the country; and others not the less favored the British. Among the first of these was a Baptist preacher of the name of Montonier, who sometimes performed missions not inconsistent with his profession; but still of some importance to the American army. He had more than once been sent down to New York by the Commander-in-Chief to elicit information relative to the movements of Sir Henry Clinton. On these occasions he sought out the persons of the faithful, exhorting them to sobriety, and attention to the concerns of an eternal world, the more that the temptations and perils of a military life rendered the warfare of the Christian doubly urgent. If to screen the purposes of an emissary, willing to do something in the cause of patriotism, he sometimes assumed an extra appearance of cant, he may well be pardoned therefor, and the nasal twang, if not altogether natural to him, the better concealed his designs, he cared not for the contempt cast upon himself, so long as the cause of God and country were advanced.

He had been to New York, and how on his return met the messengers from Remapo bearing the intercepted despatches down to the city. The preacher was galloping along the highway at a speed supposed unsuitable to his profession—and the fresh air, the exercise, as well as success of his agency for Washington, had imparted a vigor and manliness not often exhibited by a man careful to preserve all the externals of his office. Now that a turn of the road brought him in full view of the tory messengers, he became aware of his unclerical speed and proceeded at once to subdue the preponderance of the outer man. He reined in his horse in front of the men saying,

"Even as the Apostle, Philip exhorted and instructed the Eunuch riding in a chariot, what hinders that we should here turn aside and worship? Let us pray, my brethren, remembering the Lord while it is day, lest the night come when he may forget us."

Taking his hat from his head and resting his hands upon the pommel of his saddle, he was about to proceed when the men wheeled by him with a rude laugh.

"No, no, you old hypocrite, didn't we catch a sight of you tearing along the road as if the— were in pursuit of his own? Besides, you had better keep on to Remapo, where you will find a fine blade of Washington's made captive, and another ready for the burial!"

"The Lord forgive you! ye sons of Babel, if I rode in a manner unsuited to a messenger of the Lord, know that these are times when even we are commanded to gird on carnal weapons, to subdue the flesh, and be instant in service— Did I not hear a voice, saying, 'arise, for the Master is come; and did I not make haste to obey?'"

"Ye are too late, Dominic, the goose is dead, and here is the golden egg; at the same time he held up the papers, in which Montonier instantly detected the hand writing of Washington.

"And who may be the messenger, even like unto the messenger of David, whom ye designate not inaptly as an answer or goose?"

"Oh, that fine spark, Wendell Blanch, returned one of the men.

"Now, God forbid!" returned Montonier, "he was a goodly youth and comely."

By this time the men put spurs to their horses and Montonier, looking after them till out of sight did the same, ending off at once the air of sanctimonious humility so little accordant with his person, which was stout and firmly made, and his mind acute and comprehensive. He resolved at once to return by the way of Remapo, and know the nature of what seemed an unfortunate mischance for the country.

Arrived at the Pass, he learned all that we have detailed, and a hint from Blanch assured him that all was well.

"The Lord be praised!" ejaculated the preacher, "for I was, more than once tempted to give them the carnal weapons of warfare, and seize upon papers precious to the State; but verily, they were too many for me."

Blanch smiled at the natural outbreak of courage in a man of the preacher's temperament, and only rejoiced that his intentions had been defeated. He recommended that Montonier should strike into the country where the army of Washington would probably pass on its march

prised, when the garment was sent home ornamented all over with beautiful little American flags, accompanied with the following explanatory note:

"My DEAR LADY—The colors I have selected and used for your dress, have been fitted by the English, the French, and more recently by the Mexicans, and as they are convinced, no doubt that these colors always stand, I have no hesitation myself in warranting them not to run."

PASSIVE AND NEUTRAL.

The following is given in the federal papers as an extract from a private letter written on the Presidency by Mr. Clay:

"I have constantly remained passive and neutral upon the subject, and up to this moment have not made up my mind whether I would accept or decline a nomination, if it were tendered me. I reserve a decision for the last suitable moment, and shall be guided by circumstances of the case, and especially by my sense of duty, if it should ever be necessary for me to come to any determination on the subject."

THE COMMENCEMENT OF A PANIC.

There is evidently a design to create a panic in the community, so as to be in time for the next Presidential election. The manufacturing capitalists have already commenced it—they assert that they are doing a ruinous business. The press in the manufacturing districts in the New England States, speaks in the most lamentable terms. The directors of the several manufacturing companies are busily engaged in taking an account of stock, and find every thing in so discouraging a condition, that they begin to think seriously of cutting down the wages of the operatives; and we are told that in many instances this process has already been gone through with. The Stark Mills, and the celebrated Amesque company, are in a very bad condition—no dividends, and the loss of a part of their capital. The manufacturers on the Woonasquett river have notified their hands that in consequence of the great depression of business, they must suffer a reduction in their wages of ten per cent. The York company at Saco, and the Massachusetts mills at Lowell, have declared, recently, a small dividend, though they think they will soon be compelled to share in the general depression, and will be forced to look for help in cutting down the wages of the workmen. If the statements are true, we are evidently on the eve of a great panic, at least among the cotton lords.

The designs, however, of these Panic-makers, are plain enough. All of these statements are of whig coinage. We are on the eve of a Presidential election; and though the country is eminently prosperous in every department of industry, yet the reverse must be made to appear, or there is no chance for the Whigs to secure the power and patronage of the General Government. Distress among the laboring classes must be created—ruin is predicted—and the predictions, like some of the false prophets in olden times, will do all in their predictions fulfilled. Every possible pretence for lessening the laborer's wages, will be seized upon with avidity. The manufacturers rejoice at every circumstance that arises, or that can be created for the purpose, which will enable them to reduce the pay of the operatives, because their annual profits may then be increased.

A Government loan of some twenty or thirty millions of dollars, will, it is said, break our banks—embarrass the merchants. The low Tariff will greatly distress our manufacturers, and lessen employment for the laboring classes. It is decreed at Washington, by the whigs, that a panic must be created or the whig nominee for the Presidency cannot be elected. The Bankers and the Manufacturers have been requested to have their servants in order, so that oppression may be commenced at short notice.

N. Y. Globe.

A CHRISTMAS TALE. Whilst the last generation was flourishing, there dwelt in what is now a famous city not a mile from Boston, an upland widow lady, who once afforded a queer manifestation of that old compound of incompatibilities, called human nature.

It was a Christmas eve, of one of those old-fashioned winters which were so "littered" with snow. The old lady put on an extra shawl, and as she lagged her shivering frame, she said to her faithful negro servant:

"It is a terrible old night, Scip. I am afraid my poor neighbor, widow Green, must be suffering. Take the wheelbarrow, Scip. Fill it with wood. Pile on a good load, and tell the poor woman to keep herself warm and comfortable. But before you go, Scip, put some more wood on the fire and make me a nice mug of flip."

These last orders were duly obeyed; and the old lady was thoroughly warmed, both inside and out. And now the trusty Scipio was about to depart on his errand of mercy, when his considerate mistress interposed again.

"Stop, Scip, you need not go now, the weather has moderated."

IMPROVEMENT IN THE TELEGRAPH. The Cincinnati Chronicle of the 17th, says:—"We have conversed with Dr. Roe of Illinois, who is proceeding to Washington with a model of an invention which he calls the Telegraph Manipulator. Dispatches, messages or large documents are set up in electrical tubes, lodged in a chase in a manner similar to printing types, and the form placed upon the machine. Dr. Roe is sanguine in the belief that he can, by this machine, transmit to all points connected with the wire, as much matter as would make one entire page of the Chronicle in twenty minutes. The Manipulator is represented as being remarkably simple."

ple, and not likely to get out of order. And, to secure correctness, as well as speed, a proof is taken from the types, in the ordinary manner."

CUSTOM RECEIPTS IN MEXICO.—The New Orleans Delta states, on the authority of a fastidious source in Tampico, that the receipts of the customs at that port, since the first of May last, have been \$291,000. At Vera Cruz the Delta estimates, that the receipts must reach at least \$1,000,000. When the whole country is under occupation, and communications with the interior are opened, the Delta thinks that "by a judicious system of taxation the whole expenses of the war may be drawn from Mexico."

A WORD TO THE SEDENTARY.—Those who labor within doors are compelled to breathe an impure atmosphere, which is wholly unfit for the proper expansion of the lungs, and owing to want of exercise, the bowels become constipated, the pores of the skin closed, and, indeed, all the functions of the body become deranged; hence proceed asthma, cough, pains in the breast and ribs, palpitation of the body, giddiness, and a variety of other distressing complaints, common to those of sedentary habits. Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills dispense all these unpleasant symptoms. A single dose will in all cases give relief, and if repeated a few times, will most assuredly restore the body to health.

Beware of counterfeits of all kinds! Some are coated with sugar; others are made to resemble in outward appearance the original medicine. The safest course is to purchase from the regular agents only, one or more of whom may be found in every village and town in the State.

The genuine for sale by CHAS. H. CHOCHEK, Paris Hill; Charles Durrell, Oxford; Joseph H. Wardwell, Rumford; J. Blake & Co., Turner; Kimball & Crocker, Bethel; J. Coolidge, Livermore; Hiram Himes, Hartford; Caleb Bess, Woodstock, and J. Howe, Norway.

New England Office, 198 Tremont Street, Boston.

A gentleman from Vermont writes as follows: Cambridge, Vt., June 18, 1846. Mr. Seth W. Fowler—Dear Sir: For several years past, my usual good health has been occasionally interrupted by spells of coughing, produced by colds; a year ago last winter I was brought to the verge of the grave by a very severe cough, accompanied with pains in both sides, between the shoulders, &c., which, with long continued night sweat, and other alarming symptoms, reduced me so low that my friends despaired of my recovery. I consulted physicians, and tried the various remedies of the day, but none of them cured me. At last I procured Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, and it saved my life; I have not enjoyed better health for many years; therefore I can recommend others who need it, to try it.

SAMUEL BENTLEY.

None genuine, unless signed I. BUTTS on the wrapper. For sale by J. K. HAMMOND, Paris, and Angel Field, South Paris; also by Druggists and Agents generally.

CAUTION.

The public are particularly cautioned against purchasing imitation articles, pretending to have the same effect as Brown's Sarsaparilla and Tomato Bitters. Never buy the Sarsaparilla and Dandelion Panacea, Kitteridge's Tomato Bitters, nor Extract of Sarsaparilla, Tomato, and Dandelion, or any other preparation with the expectation of getting the genuine SATSAPARILLA AND TOMATO BITTERS, which are sold at the Medicine Store No. 63, Washington street, Boston. These Bitters are the first preparation of the kind that was ever sold, and they are the only genuine article of the kind now in the market. Always see that the direction is signed Frederick Brown, in his own handwriting. Who ever heard of a man's counterfeiting a bad bank note? Just so it is with medicine; they counterfeit that which sells.

For sale by J. K. HAMMOND, Paris, and Angel Field, South Paris; also by Druggists and Agents generally.

MARRIAGES.

In this town, 10th inst., by Rev. G. K. Shaw, Mr. John C. Merrill to Miss Annamita P. Jones, both of Andover.

In Portland, 6th inst., by Rev. G. E. Cox, Mr. George Webster of that city, to Miss Sily G. Graham, of Rumford.

DEATHS.

In Portland, of pulmonary consumption, on the 25th ult., Ruth B. Denning, eldest daughter of Frederic Denning of Oxford, aged 22.

Oxford Teachers' Association. Will hold its next session at the Meeting House, on Paris Hill, commencing on Wednesday, March 29th, at one o'clock.

An address will be delivered by M. B. BARTLETT, Esq., of Portland, and report on Penmanship, Emulation and School Libraries.

W. H. VINTON, Secretary.

To the Hon. County Commissioners for the County of Oxford.

The undersigned would respectfully represent that the County of Oxford, within and for the County of Oxford, on the 24th day of December, by adjournment from the Sept. Term, 1847.

ON the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the petitioners be and they are, to appear before the County Commissioners on the 24th day of May next, at ten o'clock A. M., when they will proceed to view the route set forth in the petition, and immediately after such view, at some convenient place in the vicinity, to be held a hearing to the parties and their witnesses, by causing attested copies of said petition and of this Order of Notice thereon, to be served on the Clerk of said town of Fryeburg, Fryeburg, and Hiram, and by posting up like copies in three public places in each of said towns, Fryeburg, Fryeburg, and Hiram, and by publishing the same three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, the first of said publications and each of the other notices to be made, served, and posted, at least, thirty days before the said time of meeting, that all persons interested may then and there appear, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

Attest—CHARLES ANDREWS, Clerk.

A true copy of said petition and order thereon.

Attest—CHARLES ANDREWS, Clerk.

WORCESTER'S UNIVERSAL & CRITICAL DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

By JOS. E. WORCESTER, LL. D.

One Vol. 8vo. sheep, 1832 pages. Price \$3.50.

The publishers respectfully invite attention to the following eminent testimony to the excellence of this Standard Dictionary:

"The execution of this Dictionary fully answers to its title."

"The Vocabulary is probably more comprehensive than that of all preceding English Dictionaries united."

"Constant reference is made to authorities with respect to words newly introduced, and care is taken to note such as are technical, foreign, obsolete, provincial, or vulgar."

"The Definitions are clear and exact, and those pertaining to technical and scientific terms are especially valuable to the general reader."

"The author has evidently bestowed great labor on Pronunciation. His system of Notation, which is easily understood, and founded on a complete analysis of the vocal organs, than we have elsewhere met with, together with his plan of exhibiting all the best English authorities in relation to words differently pronounced by different orthoepists, gives to this work important advantages as a Pronouncing Dictionary."

"In Orthography he has made no arbitrary changes, but where usage is various and fluctuating, he has aimed to be consistent, and to reduce to the same rules words of similar formation."

"The insertion of grammatical forms and inflections of words to a much greater extent than they are given in other English Dictionaries, and the short critical notes on the orthography, the pronunciation, the grammatical form and construction, and the regular, technical, local, and American uses of words interspersed in the volume, give to this work much additional value."

"The copious Vocabulary of Modern Geographical Names, with their pronunciation, and a greatly enlarged and improved edition of Walker's Key to the pronunciation of Classical and Scripture Proper Names, are important appendages to the Dictionary."

"A year has passed since this Dictionary was published, and its already extensive use, both among cultivated English readers, and men of wide learning, affords good testimony of its merits. We confidently recommend it as containing an ample and careful view of the present state of our language."

JARED SPARKS, LL. D. McLean Professor of Ancient and Modern History, Harvard University.

JOHN McLEAN, LL. D. Justice U. S. Sup. Court, Ohio.

MOSES STUART, D. D. Prof. of Sacred Literature, Theological Seminary, Andover, Mass.

EDWARD A. PARK, D. D. Abbot Prof. of Christian Theology, Theological Seminary, Andover, Mass.

LEONARD WOODS, Jr., D. D. Pres't Bowdoin College, Me.

N. LOPE, D. D. Pres't Dartmouth Col., N. H.

EDW. HIRSCHE, D. D. LL. D. President Amherst College, Mass.

MATHEW HOPKINS, D. D. President Williams College, Mass.

DON. T. CHAMBERLAIN, LL. D. Boylston Prof. of Rhetoric and Oratory, Harvard University.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW, A. M. Professor of Belles Lettres, Harvard University.

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SAMUEL WILLIARD, A. M. Late Prof. of Hebrew, Yale University.

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ROBERT DUNGLISON, M. D. Prof. in Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia.

FRANCIS BROWN, A. M. Editor North American Review.

CHAS. FOLSON, A. M. Librarian of Boston Athenaeum.

HENRY H. HARRIS, D. D. Pres't St. John's College, Maryland.

DAVID L. SWAN, LL. D. President University of North Carolina.

To the Court of County Commissioners for the County of Oxford, to be held at Paris in said County.

THE undersigned, a town from the northern side line of the land of Richard Pease in Fryeburg, to the land near said Pease's dwelling house, and to run a northerly course till it strikes the road leading by the house of Samuel Pease, would be of public convenience; that the Selection of said town of Fryeburg, after having been requested in writing to do so, have humbly refused and delayed to lay out said road as aforesaid; whereupon your petitioners, considering themselves aggrieved by such delay and refusal, pray that your Honors would, agreeably to law, such leave ordered providing lay out and establish a town way as above described and direct the same to be recorded in the Books of the town of Fryeburg, entries in duty, &c.

RICHARD PEASE and two others. Fryeburg, Nov. 20, 1847.

STATE OF MAINE.

Oxford, ss.—At a meeting of the County Commissioners begun and holden at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the 24th day of December, by adjournment from the Sept. Term, 1847.

ON the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the petitioners be and they are, to appear before the County Commissioners on the 24th day of May next, at ten o'clock A. M., when they will proceed to view the route set forth in the petition, and immediately after such view, at some convenient place in the vicinity, to be held a hearing to the parties and their witnesses, by causing attested copies of said petition and of this Order of Notice thereon, to be served on the Clerk of said town of Fryeburg, Fryeburg, and Hiram, and by posting up like copies in three public places in each of said towns, Fryeburg, Fryeburg, and Hiram, and by publishing the same three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, the first of said publications and each of the other notices to be made, served, and posted, at least, thirty days before the said time of meeting, that all persons interested may then and there appear, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

Attest—CHARLES ANDREWS, Clerk.

A true copy of said petition and order thereon.

Attest—CHARLES ANDREWS, Clerk.

To the Hon. Court of County Commissioners for the County of Oxford.

THE undersigned, Inhabitants of Fryeburg, Hiram, and vicinity, respectively, request that the road between Fryeburg Village and Hiram Bridge be both fully and sandy, and that great improvements may be made by alterations of the same. We therefore request that you examine said road as early as practicable, and make such alterations as in your opinion the public good requires.

ABEL GIBSON & 66 others. Dec. 20, 1847.

STATE OF MAINE.

Oxford, ss.—At a meeting of the County Commissioners begun and holden at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the 24th day of December, by adjournment from the Sept. Term, 1847.

UPON the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the petitioners be and they are, to appear before the County Commissioners on the 24th day of May next, at ten o'clock A. M., when they will proceed to view the route set forth in the petition, and immediately after such view, at some convenient place in the vicinity, to be held a hearing to the parties and their witnesses, by causing attested copies of said petition and of this Order of Notice thereon, to be served on the Clerk of said town of Fryeburg, Fryeburg, and Hiram, and by posting up like copies in three public places in each of said towns, Fryeburg, Fryeburg, and Hiram, and by publishing the same three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, the first of said publications and each of the other notices to be made, served, and posted, at least, thirty days before the said time of meeting, that all persons interested may then and there appear, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

Attest—CHARLES ANDREWS, Clerk.

A true copy of the petition and order thereon.

Attest—CHARLES ANDREWS, Clerk.

CHEAPER AND CHEAPER!

DRY GOODS

FROM THE

NEW YORK AUCTIONS!

WE have this day received a good assortment of

Dry Goods, Carpets, Feathers,

MATTRESSES,

Oil Carriages, &c.,

and having some

VERY GREAT BARGAINS,

we wish all who want any of the above named goods to call before the best are sold.

We mention a low price, which of course are but a

Small Advance from Cost,

therefore, those purchasing

FOR CASH

will get more than can be obtained elsewhere for the same money.

Rich French Ginghams, 14, worth 25 cents.

Yarns, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54, 56, 58, 60, 62, 64, 66, 68, 70, 72, 74, 76, 78, 80, 82, 84, 86, 88, 90, 92, 94, 96, 98, 100.

A large lot of that color, 64, worth 12-12 cents.

Prints for counters, 4, worth 7 cents.

Prints for counters, 4, worth 7 cents.

The Greatest Inducements EVER YET OFFERED IN BOSTON.

Great Sale Continued!!

Account of STOCK TAKEN!

OVER \$100,000 WORTH OF

CLOTHING

TO BE SOLD AND CLOSED UP IMMEDIATELY

AT

"OAK HALL!"

PRICES OF CLOTHING MARKED DOWN

TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT.

In consequence of the very mild weather of the season, thus far, and the GREAT QUANTITIES OF GARMENTS made up by the undersigned, this Fall

Winter Wear,

GENTLEMEN'S WINTER CLOTHING

AND FURNISHING MATERIALS SHOULD BE

Closed up Immediately!

THE FOLLOWING

Extraordinary Inducements

Are therefore offered to the PUBLIC. Read this and call at

OAK HALL!

This will pay to take a trip to BOSTON.

The Sales will continue until every article is sold!

Every article of the enormous Stock of

GEORGE W. SIMMONS'S OAK HALL!

WILL BE

MARKED DOWN TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT. BELOW THE VERY LOWEST PRICES NOW CURRENT AT THIS

Great Clothing Mart!

This Stock embraces the most Extensive Assortment of

GENTLEMEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING!

Ever collected together in any One Establishment in this or any other country:

THICK CLOTHING!

AT AN

ENORMOUS DISCOUNT

Will know where to call—for these Goods MUST BE DISPOSED OF! as I have determined, whatever may be the SALES PRICES, that this GREAT STOCK of

Heavy Winter Clothing, Now on hand in my Establishment,

SHALL BE SOLD!

EXAMINE

The following Low Prices, REDUCED ONE-FOURTH,

And bring this Advertisement with you—

BELOW IS THE LIST.

300 Blue Pilot Overcoats, velvet collars, at \$8, 10, 12

250 Blue Mackinaw Blanket Overcoats \$8, 10, 12

1000 Corrugated Overcoats and Sacks \$8, 10, 12

5000 Extra Warm, Double Cloth, Duck, 1 1/2, 2, 2 1/2, 3, 3 1/2, 4, 4 1/2, 5, 5 1/2, 6, 6 1/2, 7, 7 1/2, 8, 8 1/2, 9, 9 1/2, 10, 10 1/2, 11, 11 1/2, 12, 12 1/2, 13, 13 1/2, 14, 14 1/2, 15, 15 1/2, 16, 16 1/2, 17, 17 1/2, 18, 18 1/2, 19, 19 1/2, 20, 20 1/2, 21, 21 1/2, 22, 22 1/2, 23, 23 1/2, 24, 24 1/2, 25, 25 1/2, 26, 26 1/2, 27, 27 1/2, 28, 28 1/2, 29, 29 1/2, 30, 30 1/2, 31, 31 1/2, 32, 32 1/2, 33, 33 1/2, 34, 34 1/2, 35, 35 1/2, 36, 36 1/2, 37, 37 1/2, 38, 38 1/2, 39, 39 1/2, 40, 40 1/2, 41, 41 1/2, 42, 42 1/2, 43, 43 1/2, 44, 44 1/2, 45, 45 1/2, 46, 46 1/2, 47, 47 1/2, 48, 48 1/2, 49, 49 1/2, 50, 50 1/2, 51, 51 1/2, 52, 52 1/2, 53, 53 1/2, 54, 54 1/2, 55, 55 1/2, 56, 56 1/2, 57, 57 1/2, 58, 58 1/2, 59, 59 1/2, 60, 60 1/2, 61, 61 1/2, 62, 62 1/2, 63, 63 1/2, 64, 64 1/2, 65, 65 1/2, 66, 66 1/2, 67, 67 1/2, 68, 68 1/2, 69, 69 1/2, 70, 70 1/2, 71, 71 1/2, 72, 72 1/2, 73, 73 1/2, 74, 74 1/2, 75, 75 1/2, 76, 76 1/2, 77, 77 1/2, 78, 78 1/2, 79, 79 1/2, 80, 80 1/2, 81, 81 1/2, 82, 82 1/2, 83, 83 1/2, 84, 84 1/2, 85, 85 1/2, 86, 86 1/2, 87, 87 1/2, 88, 88 1/2, 89, 89 1/2, 90, 90 1/2, 91, 91 1/2, 92, 92 1/2, 93, 93 1/2, 94, 94 1/2, 95, 95 1/2, 96, 96 1/2, 97, 97 1/2, 98, 98 1/2, 99, 99 1/2, 100, 100 1/2, 101, 101 1/2, 102, 102 1/2, 103, 103 1/2, 104, 104 1/2, 105, 105 1/2, 106, 106 1/2, 107, 107 1/2, 108, 108 1/2, 109, 109 1/2, 110, 110 1/2, 111, 111 1/2, 112, 112 1/2, 113, 113 1/2, 114, 114 1/2, 115, 115 1/2, 116, 116 1/2, 117, 117 1/2, 118, 118 1/2, 119, 119 1/2, 120, 120 1/2, 121, 121 1/2, 122, 122 1/2, 123, 123 1/2, 124, 124 1/2, 125, 125 1/2, 126, 126 1/2, 127, 127 1/2, 128, 128 1/2, 129, 129 1/2, 130, 130 1/2, 131, 131 1/2, 132, 132 1/2, 133, 133 1/2, 134, 134 1/2, 135, 135 1/2, 136, 136 1/2, 137, 137 1/2, 138, 138 1/2, 139, 139 1/2, 140, 140 1/2, 141, 141 1/2, 142, 142 1/2, 143, 143 1/2, 144, 144 1/2, 145, 145 1/2, 146, 146 1/2, 147, 147 1/2, 148, 148 1/2, 149, 149 1/2, 150, 150 1/2, 151, 151 1/2, 152, 152 1/2, 153, 153 1/2, 154, 154 1/2, 155, 155 1/2, 156, 156 1/2, 157, 157 1/2, 158, 158 1/2, 159, 159 1/2, 160, 160 1/2, 161, 161 1/2, 162, 162 1/2, 163, 163 1/2, 164, 164 1/2, 165, 165 1/2, 166, 166 1/2, 167, 167 1/2, 168, 168 1/2, 169, 169 1/2, 170, 170 1/2, 171, 171 1/2, 172, 172 1/2, 173, 173 1/2, 174, 174 1/2, 175, 175 1/2, 176, 176 1/2, 177

